ELECTRICAL FREAKS. A Lightning Flash Which Went Into the Paper-Hanging Business. By this term we do not mean the

experts who testified recently that they could receive a shock of 25,000 volts and feel sort of braced up by it. We make this explanation in order to prevent any misconception of the tenor of this article by the intelligent reader. By "electrical freaks" we do not mean people who play fantastic tricks with their imagination when they talk on this subject, but rather the pranks which the forked lightning plays when it strikes a hen-house and lights up the emotional fancy of the reporter who is working on space.

A few years ago a young man named Caspar Weidpants, residing in Asbury Park, was sitting at the window of his boarding house, counting his week's salary and wondering whether he should divide it equally among himself, or give some of it to his tailor and a little to his landlady, or take it all to hire a horse and a narrow bu y and take a proud but wealthy heiress out to drive. At that instant a bolt of to her side, where she stood caressing the lightning struck the corner of a large house in Long Branch, not more than seven or eight miles away, and the young man never thought of his tailor or his landlady again. They often thought of him, but nobody ever found out where he went.

In the summer of 1879 John J. Fowler was a practical paper-hanger in Albany. During the first week of June he was hanging paper in the residence of Clarence L. Montgomery, when a heavy black cloud came slowly over the city from the west, and a single flash of lightning fell from the cloud, entered the room where Fowler was at work, run up the trimming machine like a buzz saw for a few minutes, stirred up the paste, hung all the paper in the room and trimmed sixteen yards of arabesque border. Some of the family went in the room about seven o'clock that evening and found Fowler lying on the table, still sleeping from the effects of the shock. The strokes had also affected his mind and seriously biased his moral faculties. for he afterward brought in a bill for the work, and had to sue for it (Mr. Montgomery being a very rich man), and he testified that he had done all this work himself before going to sleep. But that was impossible, and the court so decided, as it was established by the evidence of more than twenty householders that no paperhanger ever did that much work in a

People now living in Skaneateles. who resided there in the spring of 1783, still remember the excitement over the remarkable case of Reverend Lars Christophersson, rector of the Aboriginal American Church. He was sitting in his study one Sabbath morning, in a morbid and gloomy state of mind, having just learned that his son. who had gone off on a little scalping party down the lake the night before, had taken the only razor in the Manse. While the elder sat gloomily rubbing his chin and wondering if he couldn't sandpaper it before a class meeting, a storm, that had been gathering for some time, suddenly broke above the town with terrific violence. A long zigzag streak of ball lightning entered the window of the minister's study, shaved him once over without raising a pimple, trimmed his hair straight across the back of the neck, giving him that peculiarly meek look of meekly meekness which is the artistic triumph of that style of cut, banged it in front to make him look childlike and simple, gave his shoes a patent leather shine. brushed his coat and was out of the window again with a crashing noise like a four-year-old boy falling off a pew during the long prayer. The strangest thing about the occurrence was not discovered until that evening, when the preacher discovered that the lightning, on departing, had burned a hole in his vest pocket and fused a silver quarter into a round sphere, which had dropped out on his way to the meeting-house.

Last July, Mrs. Weatherby Showers. wife of the well-known financier of that name, was putting her three children to bed one very warm, sultry evening when a flash of sheet lightning-Hey? Sir? I "want to remember that this is a Sunday paper?" Ha; I'd like to see me get a chance to forget it. Well, that's so; guess I'll leave trunk," laughed Jennie; "now, I should have that Showers story out. It is pretty a whole wardrobe, hung with elegant tough, a little. But the others may stand; if they are not as true as some lightning stories I've heard told by some awfully truthful people, I don't want a cent that I can't get. -Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

TWELVE HELPFUL RULES. Some That Have Been Tried with Noticea-

1. Do not interrupt others in convarsation unnecessarily.

2. Be unselfish. 3. Have courage to speak the truth.

4. Do not shirk. 5. If you have been to blame, do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so it

wouldn't have happened." 6. When you have used an article put it back in its place; especially if it

is one used by the family in common. 7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home-training

and home-influences. 8. Be careful to meet your engage

ments promptly. 9. Be punctual at meals.

10. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

11. Help others. can be depended upon to keep your | bondage," sighed Jennie Dewey, as Mme. | which Mrs. Montford ied the way, and furword. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have life here was becoming unendurable, and I which was very grateful to the tired eyes of confidence in you.-Virginia Alston,

in Ladies' Home Journal. -The grub makes the butterfly; the blacksmith makes the fire fly ... Yonkers Gazette.

From Shop to Mansion.

The Romantic Story of a Dress Maker's Rise in Life.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

[Copyrighted, 1889.]

CHAPTER IL.-CONTINUED. "For Miss Grant," said Ellice Ryan, coming in from the shop at the moment with a

small package. "That certainly looks like tangible proof." said Jennie, as Isabel undid the package and disclosed a plush box which, when opened, revealed an elegant diamond ring. Mr. Faloner must have studied the slender white fingers to advantage during his stay, for the ring fitted her engagement finger to a nicety. A new, sweet feeling stole into her heart with the gift; she had not been used to being considered and cared for, and a new world was opening up before her; one of responsibility also, for she held this man's happiness as well as her own in her hands, and the question whether or not she would fail in the trust committed to her was a

serious one. "Dear me! you wouldn't catch me looking so like an owl if I had some one to send me diamond rings," cried Jennie, as Isabel turned the brilliant slowly around on her

"Dear Isabel, I am so glad for you," said gentle Lottie Ford, rising and limping over



"THE UTURE LOOKS LIKE A VAST UNTRIED

waves of Isabel's dark hair, as she whis pered softly: "I believe he is a good man, and that is worth more than gold or dia-

"Yes, Lottie," replied Isabel, in a whisper also; "yet that seems to be the last thing others think of. If I could not have felt that he was good and true, I would never have

Nine o'clock precisely brought Mr. Falconer to the shop, where he proffered his re- result most happily. I was certainly not bequest with the air of a man who knew what he was about. Madam was all smiles, and Falconer's appearance will not disgrace any seeing that the affair was a reality and near position. at hand, began to alter her deportment toherself; the future wife of a millionaire being a person of much more importance in her eyes than plain Isabel Grant.

of sarcasm in her honeved tones: "Do your Lilly's wedding is over I hope to see you in friends, the Stanfords, attend the wedding!" "Mrs. Falconer will make the acquaint- your sisterly a; proval of what I have done. ance of my friends in her own home, madam," replied Mr. Falconer, coldly; he understood the sarcasm perfectly, and re-

She could not forbear one little malicious

sented it. "I observe that the ring fitted, Miss Grant," he said, gravely, taking her hand; there were too many curious eyes about to indulge in aught but commonplaces. "I wonder you could have guessed so ac curately," she replied.

"At one, then, you will be ready," he continued, still holding her hand. "Yes." How strong he was; how his pres ence swept away all the objections which when the darkness and solitude of night

had surrounded her, came trooping to her mind, suggesting a thousand tormenting thoughts and fears. "If there are any expenses to be met you will allow me to defray them," making a motion toward his breast pocket. Mme.

Arnot had withdrawn her sharp eves for the moment. "Oh, no, no," and she shrank back hastily; "I have been frugal and am well

supplied for the present." There was little accomplished in the work room that morning, the prospect of the wedding in the afternoon effectually

dissipating business ideas. Isabel would almost have preferred leaving her life at Mme. Arnot's where she had taken it up, in the work room, but she bauished the idea as a sentimental one. All the girls were to be present at the ceremony, and Kitty Ray remarked that they owed Isabel a vote of thanks for getting them a glimpse of madam's parlor, which, though nothing grand in itself, she held sacred

from the intrusion of her shop-girls, but in this instance she could not refuse the request of the rich Mrs. Falconer to be. She was too busy during the short time remaining to have many ideas aside from packing her slender wardrobe into a trunk several sizes too small for it. "I suppose the next time you travel you will have a saratoga trunk with a cupola on it," said Jennie, as she dextrously fitted Isabel's

best hat into a box. "The future looks like a vast untried sea," reptied Isabel, "so entirely vague that I make no calculations on what may or may not come to me."

"Not even in the prosaic matter of a dresses, and half a jewelry store blocked

out in my mind if I stood in your shoes." Isabel dressed herself in her best, a plain brown silk, suitable for traveling, with bonnet and wrap to match, and she looked quite as stylish as Mrs. Stanford herself, and Mr. Faiconer looked at her in pleased surprise as he, in company with a clergyman, came into the parlor; he had only seen her in her plain shop dress, and to-day she had let down her hair and allowed it to take its natural bent, the little tendrils curling about her forehead and quite transforming her plain face. "A decidedly finelooking woman," was Harvey Falconer's inward comment, "and will fit into her sur-

roundings like a charm." The solemn service was soon said, the heavy wedding ring slipped into its place, and after bidding the girls an affectionate good-bye, Isabei Falconer was handed to She had a good, sensible face, and Isabel the carriage in waiting, and bade adieu for- felt as if she would find in her a friend in ever to her life at Mme. Arnot's, and it rematned to be seen whether Harvey Falconer had read her character aright, or had made and welcomed the new comer in spite of

"Well, the affair really did come off after | chosen words, and then looked inquiringly all,' said Mme. Arnot, spitefully, after the at Mr. Falconer. carriage had gone and there was no further lieved he would repent of his folly at the surprise you. Please show Mrs. Falconer eleventh hour; but I'd like to see the tab- to the east room and see that she is made she elieved her pent-up feelings by order- will soon be here, and I will have yours

"Dear me, I wish there were some more before dinner." 12. Let your friends feel that you | nice sensible millionaires to take us out of | It was a large and beautiful room to | ly ridiculous. You will visit them while I

> Arnot left the work-room. "let us rejoice in Isabel's escape. Poor heavy walnut, and the draperies of rich ford, hesitatingly. girl, she was just at the point where her crimson terry gave a rich, shaded light hope she has happiness enough in store for the traveler; the soft carpet yielded to her

her to atone for it all." "Well, I am glad for one that there is a man | was everywhere apparent. who is sensible enough to fall in love with a

that the heroes rave over are 'beautiful as | dusty and ;aded with traveling, and gave a dream,' though I must say the beauty of a dream depends largely on what one has had for supper; but in this romance there is a refreshing change of programme, for Isabel is certainly far from beautiful."

Herself a sly pinch as she did so. "One week an unhappy retainer in Mme. Arnot's train, with no prospect of a home, but a corner in Aunt Debby's crowded cottage, the next a wife and mother in this

"It just puts me out of all patience, said elegant house. Jennie Dewey, "to read the books in which the sole basis of love is beauty; not another daughter?" she asked, as Mr. Falconer apquality is mentioned. The heroine may be peared two hours later. She had had a reidiotic or a vixen, or any thing else, but the freshing nap and was dressed for dinner. reader is not told that she is any thing but beautiful. Bah! I detest the very word." ber, you did not wish to skip any of the Meantime Isabel was being whirled pages in your book of experience. Is it a swiftly along in the train. "Mrs. Faldistasteful one?" coner," she started at the unfamiliar sound, mit," she replied, smiling, "to find mycelf a "do you realize that you have not even

asked me where we are going!" "I think I have heard it mentioned that your home is in Philadelphia," she replied, smiling; "really, I have been so busy I have scarcely given the subject a thought, but I hope, if I am correct, that we are going there at once; you know I have never had a real home," and she looked up at him | vividly. wistfully.

"Then I am glad I planned as I have," said he; "we can take a wedding trip whenever you feel like it, but, for the present, I think home will be an agreeable change." Mr. Falconer had just been taking an extended business trip, and had stopped in New York to visit the Stanfords; traveling was always an irksome task to him, and he longed for the rest and quiet of

"I see you are not the victim of acute curiosity," he resumed, looking at her curiously; 'the majority of women would have overwhelmed me with an avalanche of questions before this time."

"If you knew how restful and charming it is to have no cares," said Isabel in reply. "I am reading an interesting book, taking it page by page as it comes to me, and asking questions would be like skipping, and reading my experiences before I came to

Her answer pleased him, and he said, smiling gravely: "Then I will not weary you with details; I will only say that I will try and make your book of experiences a pleasant one."

She smiled back at him; his manner was particularly grateful to her. None of the ondescension of the moneyed man toward the poor girl whom he has married, but he lifted her to his own plane, easily and simply, with a matter-of-course air that was nexpressibly soothing.

He was carefully solicitous for her comfort, and, traveling under such care, in a magnificent palace car, was, indeed, a luxury to the tired girl, and she leaned back on the luxurious cushions and rested, mind

In the waiting-room of a station Mr. Falconer wrote to Mrs. Stanford: "MY DEAR SISTER: I write to tell you an unexpected bit of news; I am married, and on my way home with my bride. Your aristocratic ideas may be shocked by the knowledge that my wife is the lady who wa ted upon Lily in Mme. Arnot's shop the other day, but, my dear sister, my intuitions do not often lead me wrong, and I am convinced that my choice is a w.se one, and every hour spent in her company but confirms this opinion. I can not analyze the feelings which led me to this sudden step, but, though the impulse of an hour, and in sober, common-sense view, a most hazardous one, yet I believe it is going to guiled to it by the glamor of beauty, still Mrs.

"Let me give you a hint, Emily; there may be more or less gossip, and I leave it to your wisely and coolly, much of it will be avoided, and the knowledge that she has been a shop- have you appear suitably clothed from the fact unnecessarily prominent by displaying shot, however, and she asked with a touch | family pride and aversion toward her. After my home, where I am confident I shall receive Your brother, H. FALCONER."

Isabel wrote to her aunt also. "DEAR AUSTIE: I am married, and on my way to my new home in Philadelphia; a most astounding piece of news, isn't it? I shall not be obliged to crowd you in your small quarters this summer, as usual, but after the heat is over I hope to visit you. My husband's name is Harvey Falconer; he seems most kind, and I am satisfied, Yours, ISABEL." The rest of the journey passed uneventfully, and the travelers reached home in the afternoon. It was a beautiful day, clear and sunny, and the city of Brotherly Love was at its best, as the carriage rolled rapid-

ly through the broad streets. "What a lovely place," said Isabel, as they stopped before a large stone mansion, set in the midst of a lawn lavishly adorned with shrubbery and statuary, and watered by the cooling spray of a large and beautifully-designed fountain.

"This is home," said Mr. Falconer, as he handed her from the carriage; and noted

never guess the news." the delight in her face. A fairy-like little form, dressed in white, ally look faint." Mrs. Stanford had not yet with an aureole of golden hair floating out put on her evening complexion. from her perfect face, came running down the massive steps, with beaming smiles, to isn't all of it," was the answer. "Papa, dear papa!" she cried, as she rimony is a catching disorder, but to whom?

threw herself eagerly into his arms. CHAPTER III.

"I have brought you a present, Gracie," ne said, as he embraced the child, then placed her on the walk, and turned to Isabel, "a mamma, and I hope you will be a very good little daughter to her."

"A mamma," repeated the little girl, looking up at Isabel with shy eyes; she had never known a mother's care, and could not realize what it implied. "My dear," said Isabel, her heart warming at once to the little one, an orphan like herself, and taking the little hand in hers,

"Mrs. Falconer, this is Mrs. Montford, my housekeeper," said Mr. Falconer, as they were met in the spacious hall by an

she pressed a kiss on the sweet red lips, "I

am sure we shall love each other very dear-



MRS. FALCONER, THIS IS MRS. MONTFORD." elderly woman, simply dressed in black.

her new and untried position. Mrs. Montford dropped a little courtesy her surprise with a few cordial and well-

"I should have apprised you of the necessity for smiling. "I must say I be- cvent." he said. smiling, "but I wished to leau when the Standfords hear of it;" and comfortable after our journey. The trunks ingt ne girls about with even more than her sent to you immediately," turning to Isabel, "and you had better lie down and rest

nished elegantly with every thing needful "But as there are not," said Lottie Ford, for a restful toilet. The furniture was of the traveler; the soft carpet yielded to her stanford, kindly. "It's done, and it retread like velvet and the touch of luxury mains for us to make the best of it, and if

"Is this really you, Isabel Grant?" she that women are so particular about, no girl that isn't a beauty," said Lizzie said to herself, as she stood before a large knowles. "In the novels all the heroines mirror and looked at her face, somewhat doubt she'll come out all right."

FORAKER'S LATEST LIE

herself a sly pinch as she did so. "One

"Why did you not tell me you had a

"You did not ask me," he said; "remem-

"Rather a momentous one, you must ad-

mother as well as a wife, on such short no-

tice, but," and she looked in his face with carnest eyes, "I will strive to prove myself worthy of the trust you have shown in me." "I am sure you will," he said, touching his

lips to her hand; it was the first sign of a

caress he had given her, and she blushed

he toyed absently with the charms on his watch-chain, 'and I think you will find her

very docile and easily managed."

care entirely."

as in bonnets."

ness.

said Isabel, thoughtfully.

from her worth in the least."

"Gracie is very like her mother," and

"She reminds me of Lilly Stanford," re-

"Lally is indeed a lovable girl, and if you

plied Isabel, "and I loved her at first sight."

can train Gracie to be like her, in spirit as

well as in looks, I shall be well satisfied. To

tell the truth her birth was the cause of

her mother's death, and I fear I was neg-

lectful of her for that reason, and it is only

of late that I have known much about her

Mrs. Montford has lived with me many

years, and I have trusted the child to her

about giving her up to the care of another,'

"She will naturally be a little sensitive

"Probably, and a little fearful and jealous

of you as a step-mother to her charge, but

I leave it to your good sense, to be so kind

and considerate that this difficulty will

soon be overcome with mutual respect and

good-will remaining. Mrs. Montford is an

excellent christian woman, and has every

claim on our consideration, and the fact of

her being my housekeeper does not detract

"Surely I have too lately been an employe

"And yet, Mrs. Falconer, allow me to

suggest that you keep that fact buried in

while I despise a snob above all things, and

would have you treat our dependents with

wife sighed deeply. "I fear she will be

"I think you are distressing yourself

without cause," said Mr. Falconer, kindly.

"At least I would advise you not to read

this chapter in your experience until you

come to it, and, by the way, that reminds

me that I wish you to go out with me and

select a present for Lilly and Ralph as soon

as you are sufficiently rested and you had bet-

ter pay Mme. Morand a visit also, and have

first." He took out a bill-book and gave her

a thousand dollars, more money than she

had ever seen at once before, saying:

'Please remember there is no need for

economy, and if there is not sufficient, ask

She thanked him gracefully and quietly;

she was indeed dropping into her new

sphere of luxury with ease and dignity, and

no one would have known from her man-

ner that pin-money in thousand-dollar quan-

titles was not an every-day affair in her past

Harvey Falconer looked at her with a

pleased smile; had she gushed or over-

whelmed him with profuse gratitude he

would have been annoved; as it was she

met his idea of a well-bred woman per-

fectly. "We will go in the morning," she said,

quietly; "one's ideas are so much clearer

Meantime a far less peaceful scene was

being enacted in Mrs. Stanford's dining-

room; the postman had come just as they

were gathered there for dinner, and Mrs.

"Mercy on us!" she gasped, "you can

"What can it be, mamma, why you actu-

"Your Uncle Harvey is married; but that

"Married!" echoed Lilly, "it must be mat-

I didn't suppose he had looked at a woman

since Aunt Mattie died." Pardon the ex-

travagance, but a society young lady must

pose, it seems," replied Mr. Stanford, dis-

mally; "you remember that homely girl

that waited on you the other day at Mmc.

"That shop-girl?" grouned Mrs. Stanford;

'he has married her on one day's acquaint

ance. I knew that Harvey Falconer was a

living monument of oddity, but this beats

every thing," and she read the letter aloud.

Mr. Stanford laughed heartily. "Harvey

is original, at any rate," he said, helping

himself to the toast, which in the excite-

"What shall we do?" sighed Mrs. Stan-

ford; "the miserable story will get out in

gested Mr. Stanford, facetiously; his

record was truly American, having risen to

his present position from being a bare-toot

boy in the streets of New York, consequent-

ly his sympathies were with the working

people, and he saw no particular disgrace

in the fact that Harvey had married one of

"Do be sensible, Mr. Stanford," said his

"Then I say, in all seriousness, that you

had better follow your brother's advice,

and make the best of it," he resumed, quiet-

ly. "Harvey's head is pretty generally level, and I'll dare venture he has not been

taken in by any frothy-headed giglet, and

if you take her up, and make the most of

"But she may come of some coarse, hor-

"Not necessarily," replied Mr. Stanford.

back to her." Mrs. Stanford was de-

Stanford, "Of course her life at Mme.

Arnot's has brought her in contact with

people of wealth and culture, so that she

"I noticed that she used choice language,

and expressed herself remarkably well,"

said Lilly. "Much better than Mme. Arnot,

who in her anxiety to be genteel does slash

the King's English cruelly at times; for in-

stance, when she talks about patron hats

for pattern hats, and other mistakes equal-

am at the mountains?" she spoke, inquir-

ingly. "Yes, I suppose so," replied Mrs. Stan-

be of great benefit to her," suggested Mr.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Cut Harvey off with a shilling," sug-

"Well, he has looked at one to some pur-

have some latitude of expression.

"That shop-girl," cried Lilly.

ment was being neglected.

wife, rather snappishly.

gence and refinement."

will have some ideas of style."

Arnot's?"

Stanford read the letter from her brother.

for more without hesitation."

than in the heat of the day."

your wardrobe replenished, as I wish to

too angry with me to do me a sisterly kind-

your own bosom," he spoke, earnestly;

myself to feel any superiority to Mrs.

Montford on that ground," said Isabel,

The Arrant Falsehood with Which He Tried to Deceive the Farmers. We quote from a report in the Commercial-Gazette of a speech by Gov-

prnor Foraker: He then, with many homely and apt illustraons, demonstrated that the protective tariff necreased the purchasing power of the farmer had caused him to get more for his producons-while nearly every manufactured article that he purchased is now much cheaper than under free trade. What an utterly irreclaimable

Many manufactured articles are now cheaper than they were when the high tariff policy was adopted. Of course they are. Every body knows this. And every intelligent man knows, too, that the protective tariff has had no more to do with cheapening them than the gulf stream has had. The proof of this is at our hands. It amounts to a demonstration. It consists in the fact that there is not a single article in the whole range of commodities-not onewhether it is "protected" or notwhich has fallen in price in this country under protection, unless there has been an equal or greater decline in the price of the same article in England under "free trade." Governor Foraker knows this fact. Every man of average intelligence knows it. Knowing this fact, Governor Foraker simply exhibits himself as a lying demagogue when he tells the people

that protection has cheapened the prices of manufactured commodities. He also knows, as everybody else knows who can read, that the farmer gets very much less for his products than he did in "free trade times." The following table shows (1) the average prices of the leading farm products in the New York market in 1860, the last year of the "free trade" epoch and (2) the quotations now current in the New York markets for the

same products: Wheat..... 11.45 Oats..... Corn.... Cheese

all kindness and courtesy; still there is no need for them, or society at large, to know that you were not born to a position equal to that you now occupy; you may be a trifle The comparison might be extended awkward at first in small matters, but through the entire list of farm prodoubtless Mrs. Stanford will gladly post ducts with the same result. And yet you on society points; she is an expert in these things, though I must confess I have Foraker tells the Ohio farmer that paid little attention to them myself, as fash-"the protective tariff has caused him ons in etiquette change almost frequently, to get more for his productions." Is it possible the Ohio farmer is so "Ah. Mrs. Stanford!" and the young ignorant as to be deceived by such an

arrant falsehood?-Indianapolis Sen-THE RECENT VICTORIES.

Connecticut Revolution Due to the Australian Ballot System. The revolution in Norwich, the Republican stronghold in Connecticut, is a triumph of the Australian ballot over bulldozing. For twenty years the Republican factory lords of Norwich have kept it Republican by the suppression of the Democratic majority. Nowhere in the Union has there tory foreman and the spies of the factory owners, following the operatives to the polls, have forced them to vote the Republican ticket under pen-

alty of discharge. Under this system Norwich gained anism." It had not given a Demoballot in use for the first time, the pressure was removed from the suppressed majority and it asserted itself. close polling booths, and when the iron market. vote was counted it was found that Republican intimidation.

Similar results followed the introduction of the Australian system in other towns. In Waterbury the Dem- in a better position to construct ships ocrats "made a clean sweep," and in the light of such results there is no reason to doubt that with a free ballot, Connecticut will be as safely Dem-

ocratic as New Jersey is. The usefulness of the Australian ballot has been demonstrated in Montana as well as in Connecticut. Though the vote subject to undue control is much smaller proportionately in the former State, there is reason to believe that the Montana Democrats owe the election of their Governor and of a Democratic Legislature to the secret ballot, which operates as a check on bribery as well as on intimidation. The strength of the Democratic party lies in a "free ballot and fair count," in the education of the voter and in his protection in the exercise of the franchise. That the Australian ballot goes a long way towards insuring free and honest gov ernment there is no room to doubt after the result in Norwich. - St. Louis Republic.

THE PARTY UNITED.

Fidelity of the Democracy Everywhere The Democrats in all the State sert their fidelity to their political

her, she may prove a perfect lion in society; as likely to be as any other way, for you know Dame Grundy dearly loves a rolieves that all legislation should be election in Montana was close, but on for the good of all the people, and it all the returns the Democrats have rid family, that will be a continual drawopposes as undemocratic and unjust carried it. Nevertheless, contests are all taxation intended to lay burdens to be raised and doubts suggested, so termined to see all the dark shades in the upon the masses for the benefit of a as to keep Montana out of the Union monopolistic class. It believes in tar- unless it can come in as a Republican "I have known wretchedly poor people to iff reform as a measure of simple jus- State. - Chicago Herald. hold over their richer neighbors in intellitice and pressing necessity, and a year ago it said so with emphasis in its "Well, I hope it may be so," sighed Mrs.

National platform. Having a conscience as well as a conviction, the party stands by that

In New York, New Jersey, Pennsyl-

"A little help from you at the first may you can coach her up in some of the points SOME TARIFF FACTS.

Allison's Protestations s ator Allison's Senate Bill. Mr. Allison tells us that the rich pay the duties on woolen goods because only the most costly goods are imported. That the Iowa Senator means to make this statement true, though it is not quite true now, will appear from a comparison of some of the rates under the present law with those proposed by the Allison Senate bill last year. The ad valorem emagogue this man Foraker is! equivalents of the present and proposed duties are from an official com-

putation based on the importations of the fiscal year 1887. Woolen cloths, cheapest, under the present law 89.84 per cent, under the Allison bill, 102.66 per cent.; dearest, now 68.91 per cent., Allison, 73.04. Flannels, cheapest, now 67.65 per cent., Allison, 94.41.; dearest, now 73.02, Allison, 77.73. Blankets, cheapest, now 69.36 per cent., Allison, 95.22; dearest, now 70.30, Allison, 74.65. Wool hats, cheapest, now 66.22 per cent., Allison, 92.03; dearest, now 52.07, Allison, 53.82. Knit goods, cheapest, now 83.33 per cent., Allison, 258.33; dearest, now 62.58, Allison, 70.80. Womens' and childrens' dress goods, cheapest, now 67.89 per cent., Allison, 86.25; dearest, now 69.68,

Allison, 73.92. It will be seen that the Allison bill in every instance increases the rate on the cheaper goods far more than on the dearest. It is plain that Mr. Allison does not mean to have the masses of the people, whose incomes are small, pay anything into the Treasury on woolen goods. But he means to have them pay much more than they now do to the "infant" woolen mills. The house bill provided for a uniform rate of 40 per cent. on all these goods. This is eight times as high as the duty under the first tariff, 1789; but just contrast it for a moment with Mr. Allison's 258.33 per cent. on cheap knit goods! And yet the woo'en-mill industry is just a century older than it was when the first tariff was enacted. Such is Mr. Allison's poor man's tariff.-Chicago Times.

FREE RAW MATERIAL. Sound Paragraphs Taken from the Massa

We declare our continued and hearty support of the cause of tariff reform, for which we then contended, and our firm conviction of its success in the near future.

We reaffirm our demands for free raw materials and lower duties upon the necessities of life.

We believe that free wool as provided for in the bill passed by the Democratic majority of the last House of Representatives is essential to the prosperity of the woolen industry, fast friend. One of the conspicuous upon which that of the wool grower is | risks that poor people are spared is the to all consumers of woolen goods. We call the particular attention of the been as much irtimidation practiced as farmers of this State, who have borne in these New England factory towns of the heavy burden of high tariff, taxawhich Norwich is typical. The fac- tion without any of the prosperity promised them, to the reliet they will receive through the reduction of customs taxes upon articles which we consume.

We give our hearty support to the petition of the present Republican a reputation through New England as Governor of this State, and other leadthe citadel of Connecticut Republic- ing iron and steel manufacturers of both political parties addressed to the cratic majority since the war until the New England members of Congress. | Week. other Monday, when, with the secret asking for free coal and iron ore and lower duties upon pig iron, and we commend their efforts to save this important industry threatened with ex-The overseers and spies were kept termination in our section of the counaway from the polls. The voters were try through failure to adapt tariff dusecurely guarded from espionage in ties to the changed conditions of the

We demand that all materials for class despotism had been overthrown shipbuilding, whether of metal or and an end put to the long reign of wood, be relieved from the heavy taxation now imposed upon them, and made free of duty, to the end that American shipbuilders may be placed capable of competing upon the ocean with those of foreign countries. -Platform of the Massachusetts Democracy

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

-Grover Cleveland still lives and will live to carry out his brave and honest theories as the leader of the Democratic party. - Natchez Demo-

-Is there a laborer in all this broad land who can show that his wages have been raised in consequence of a protective tariff?—Sullivan (Ind.) Democrat.

--- "Wen I does a favor for a Suddern Democrat." remarked Uncle Zeke, yesterday, "he gimme a dime or a quarter and say nuttin. Wen I does a favor for a Nordern Republikin, he gimme some good advice and say: 'God bless yer, my brudder.'"-Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union. -True to the conditions and prac-

tical politics of the party, the Republicans of Montana are now attempting to steal the recent election in that State. In their effort to this end they are incited by the Republican press of the country. A party that once stole stand together in this off year and as- the Presidency will not have many scruples about stealing an election in an incipient State, and to that end The party, being Democratic, be their efforts are now directed. The

What Iowa May Do Next Month.

The sound old Republican Philadelphia Telegraph gives Harrison an uncomfortable piece of intelligence from declaration of truth in spite of the the Northwest, which is by no means fears of the timid and the counsels of calculated to conduce to his personal comfort:

The political situation in Jowa seems to be vania, Ohio, Maryland, Massachusetts, getting in a very remarkable shape. Governor lowa, in short in every State in which Larrabee is undoubtedly one of the strongest a Democratic Convention has been of the views of the Democratic candidate for neld this year, the platform has reaf- Governor on the transportation question, apfirmed the utterance of the National Convention on this subject.

There is no "crawfishing," no cowardice, no turning backward. The party is not "getting together:" it is this year, for some purpose. The election of a Democratic Governor in the old Republican keeping together in defense of princi- Gibraltar of the Northwest, no matter to what ple and of the right of the people as peculiar local issues it might be attributed, igainst the pretentions of monopolists.

-N. Y. World.

people as would cause a National sensation. It would be necessary to put a new and enlarged heating apparatus in the White House

PITH AND POINT.

-To rule one's anger is well; event it is better. - Edwards. -Charity covers a multitude of sins, nd keeps them warm and healthy.

-The more a man becomes wrapped

up in himself the chillier he gets -Oil City Blizzard. -According to a Christian Science

teacher, cancer is simply "an accumu-lation of discordant thought." -Silence as to a man and his deeds will do more to extinguish him than columns of abuse. - Yonkers Gazette -The man who is in the hands of his friends as a rule keeps their hands

pretty full.—Oil City Derrick. -Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely. - Macauley.

-If we could but persuade the world that morality is the foundation of wealth and success, this would be a happy universe. -Exchange.

-Carlyle says: "There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work." He might have added, there is money in it, too. -Boston Courier. -"It's odd, and sometimes melancholy," remarks an exchange, "to see

a man try to make up his mind when he has no material on hand to work with." -How can a man help having contempt for courts when they prohibit any man from being a juror who has read, thought or spoken on subjects

in every paper and discussed in every -High minds are as little affected by unworthy returns for services as the sun is by those fogs which the earth throws up between herself and

his light. -T. Moore. -Industry makes a man a purse, and carelessness gives him strings to it. He that has it needs only to draw the strings as carefulness directs, and he will always find a useful penny at

the bottom of it. -When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, no more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your

hands. -Envy's memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on. Some people's sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions; and you hear them display and parade it, not in recounting the things they are attached to, but in telling you how many things and persons "they can not bear."-

John Foster. -The summer hotel is the doctor's an ill-timed intimacy with an undertaker might have been indefinitely postponed if only the contracting party had been too poor to stir from

home. -Life. -The body fashions itself more or less after the intents of the mind. Just as a man's character gradually stamps itself upon his face, so, literally, does his habitual conduct impress itself upon each organ and tissue of his body. In order to perfect health, then, it is clear that we must begin in the region of the intellect .- Once a

A PLEA FOR BOYS. Dr. Talmage Is in Favor of Letting Them Have a Good Time.

I am sorry to say that boys are not generally understood. Between six and fourteen years of age the masculine nature is a mixture of mischief. and sensitiveness, and spunk, and tun, and trouble, and pugnacity, which the chemistry of the world fails to analyze. A little girl is definable. She laughs when she is pleased, cries when she feels badly, pouts when she is cross and eats when she is hungry. Not so with a boy. He would rather go a nutting than to eat, forgets at the fish-pond he has not had his dinner. often laughs when he feels badly and looks submissive to an imposition practiced upon till he gets the perpetrator alone in the middle of the road, and tumbles him into the dirt, till eyes and mouth and nose are so full that the fellow imagines that before his time he has returned to dust. A boy under a calm exterior may have twenty emotions struggling for ascendancy. Especially do I feel for a boy who has more fun aboard than he can master. How well I remember the country school-house where we all had to be sedate, though one boy would make a face enough to put the whole school in danger of running over with giggle. It is an awful thing for a child not to dare to laugh when the merriment rises and wells up till the jacket gets tight and the body is a ball of fun, and he knows that if out of one of the corners of his compressed lips a snicker should escape all the boys would go off in explosion. I remember times when I had at school such responsibility of repression resting on me and proved unfaithful.-Dr. Talmage, in N. Y. Ob-

Theory and Practice.

It is not difficult to conceive that,

for many reasons, a man writes much better than he lives. For, without entering into refined speculations, it may be shown to be much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear. and is in the same state with him that teaches upon the land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth and the wind always prosperous. Nothing is more unjust, however uncommon, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practice; since he may be sincere, convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it. and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself .- N. Y. Ledger.